THE KING OF THE LYRE.

"THE POET OF ALL CIRCLES & THE IDOL OF HIS OWN"
BYRON

S O N G,

WRITTEN BY

Mrs CRAWFORD

THE MUSIC BY

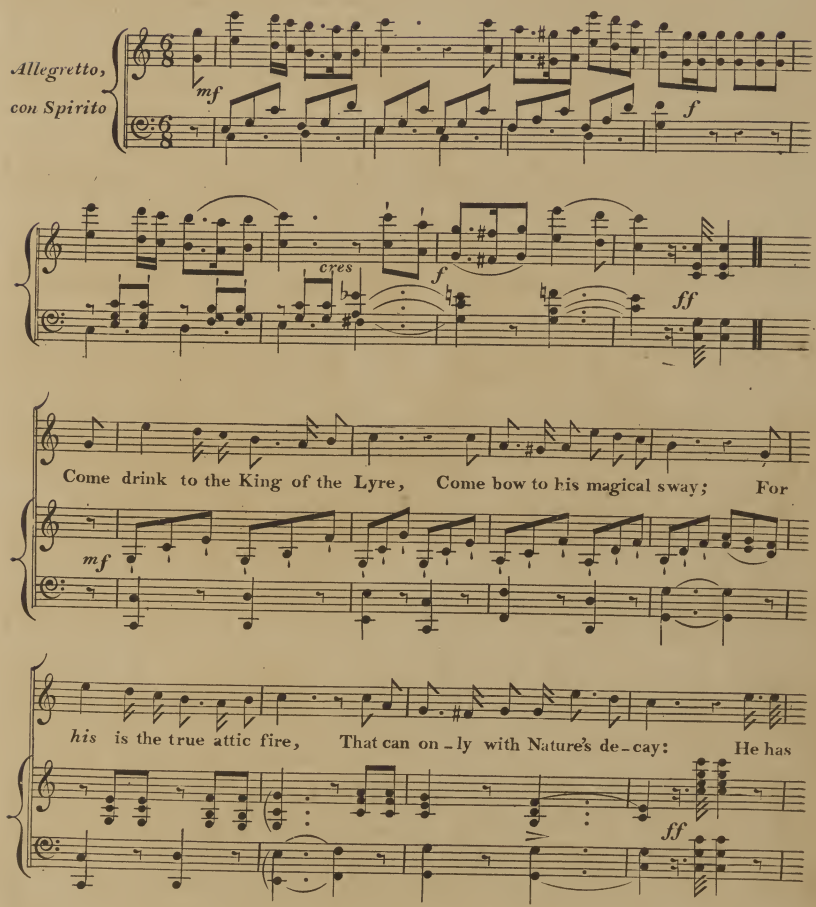
Mrs MILLAR.

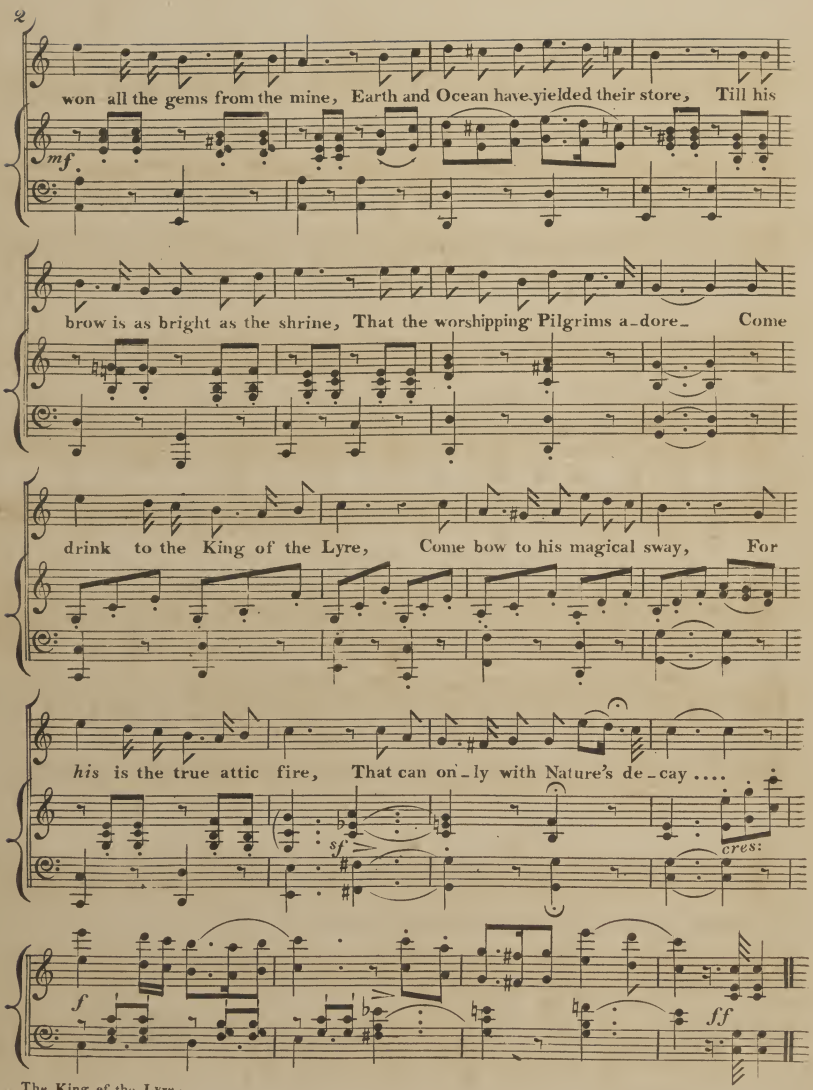
Pr. 2/6

LONDON, JEFFERYS & NELSON, SOHO SQUARE

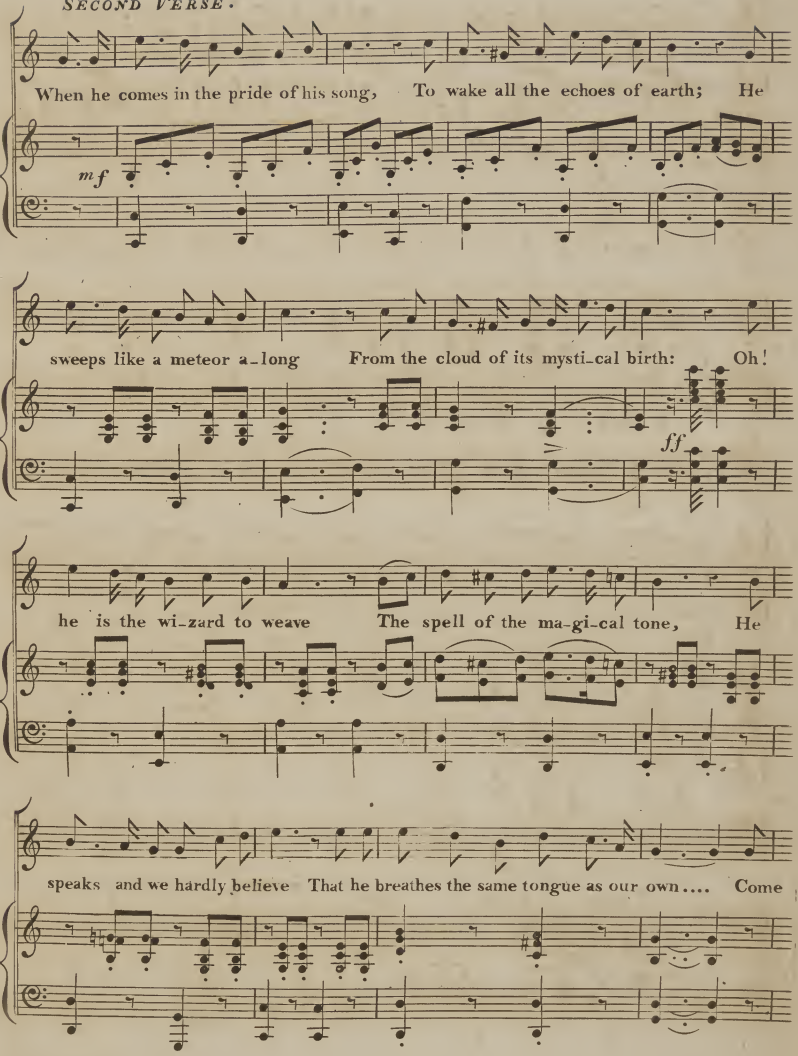
"THE KING OF THE LYRE."

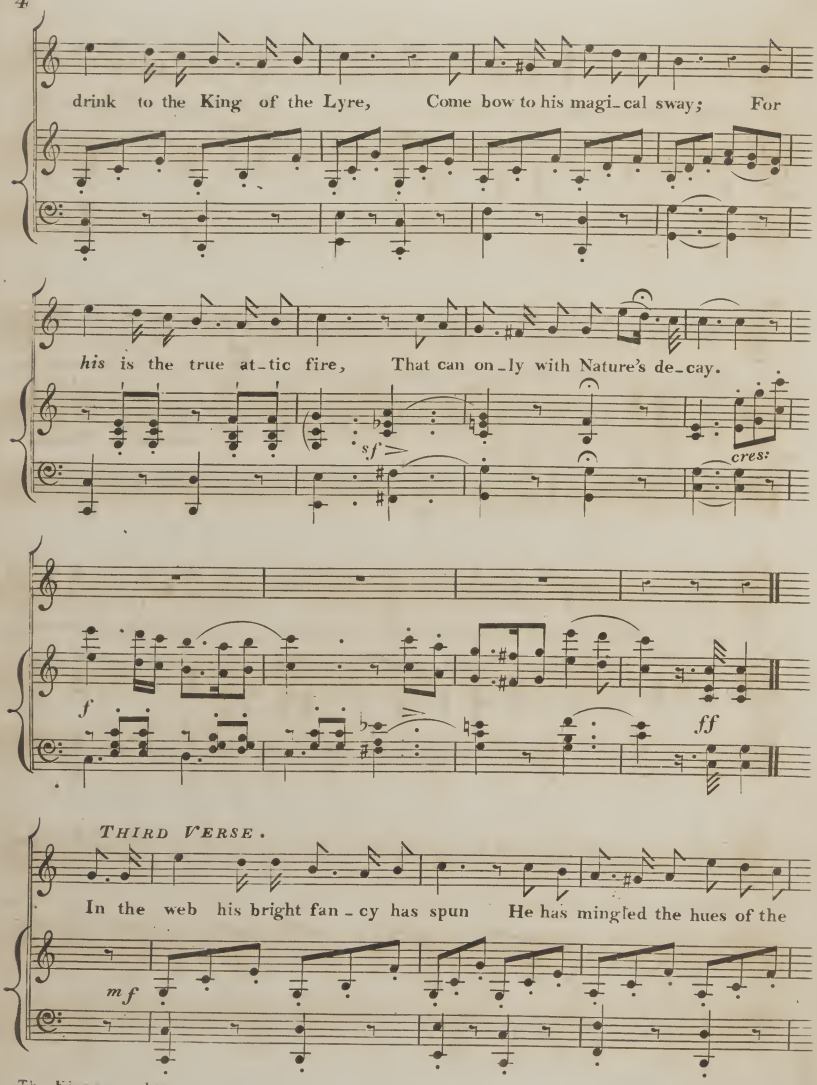
Written by Mrs Crawford. *Composed by Mrs Miller.*

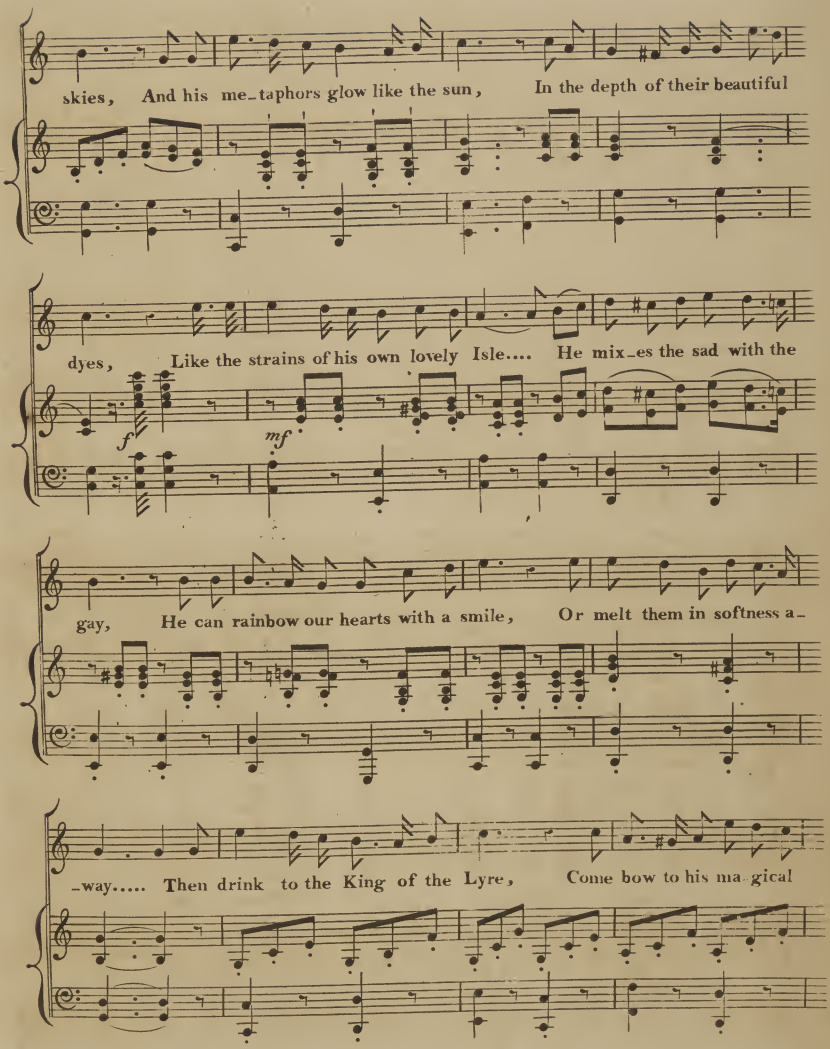


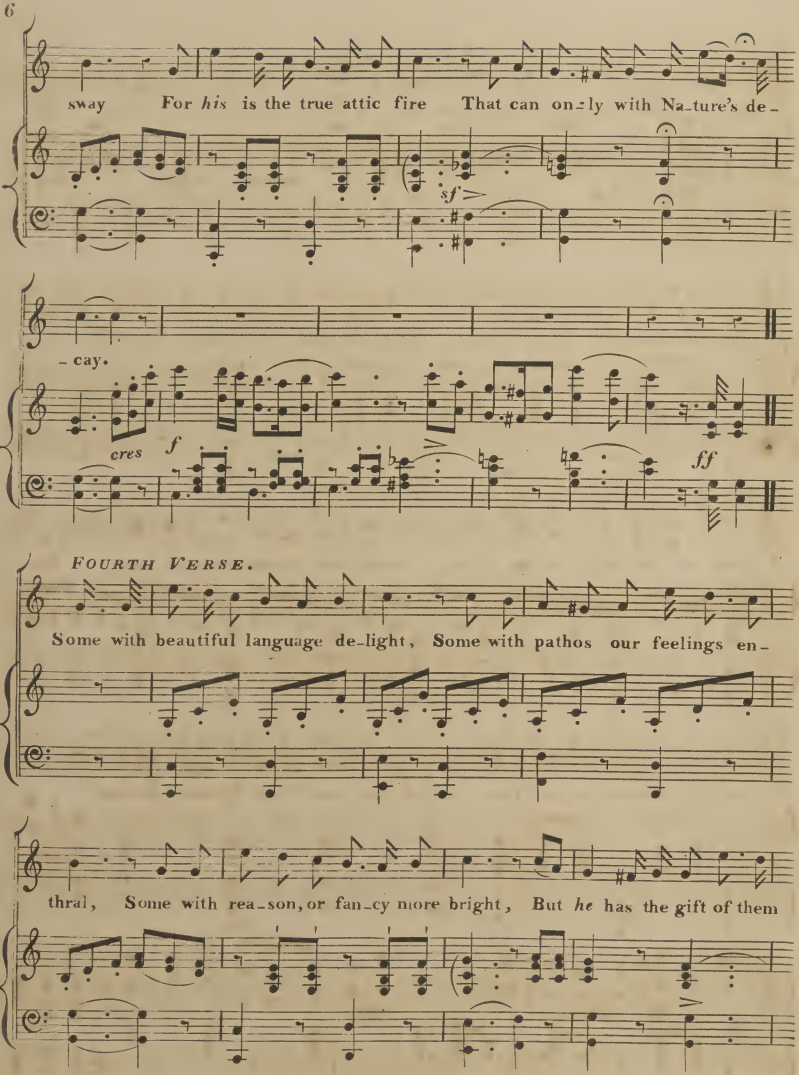

won all the gems from the mine, Earth and Ocean have yielded their store, Till his
mf
brow is as bright as the shrine, That the worshipping Pilgrims a-dore— Come
drink to the King of the Lyre, Come bow to his magical sway, For
his is the true attic fire, That can on-ly with Nature's de-cay ....
sf
cres:
f
ff

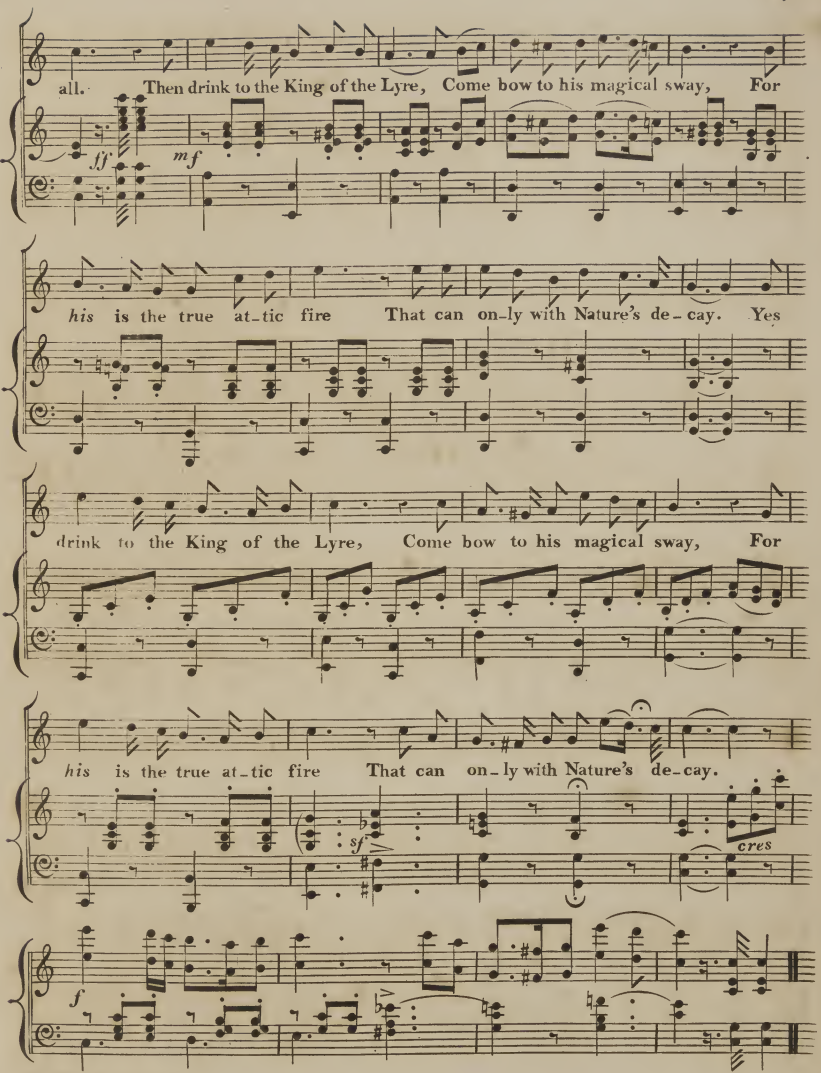
SECOND VERSE.




drink to the King of the Lyre, Come bow to his magi-cal sway; For
his is the true at-tic fire, That can on-ly with Nature's de-cay.
sf
cres:
f
ff
THIRD VERSE.
In the web his bright fan-cy has spun He has mingled the hues of the
mf


skies, And his me-taphors glow like the sun, In the depth of their beautiful
dyes, Like the strains of his own lovely Isle.... He mix-es the sad with the
f
mf
gay, He can rainbow our hearts with a smile, Or melt them in softness a-
-way..... Then drink to the King of the Lyre, Come bow to his ma gical


sway For his is the true attic fire That can on-ly with Na-ture's de-
sf
-cay.
cres
f
ff
FOURTH VERSE.
Some with beautiful language de-light, Some with pathos our feelings en-
thral, Some with rea-son, or fan-cy more bright, But he has the gift of them


all. Then drink to the King of the Lyre, Come bow to his magical sway, For
ff
mf
his is the true at-tic fire That can on-ly with Nature's de-cay. Yes
drink to the King of the Lyre, Come bow to his magical sway, For
his is the true at-tic fire That can on-ly with Nature's de-cay.
sf
cres
f